

ALASKA SENTINEL.

VOL. I. NO. XXII.

WRANGELL, ALASKA THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1903

\$2.00 PER YEAR

Retail.

Wholesale.

F. W. CARLYON,

SUCCESSOR TO

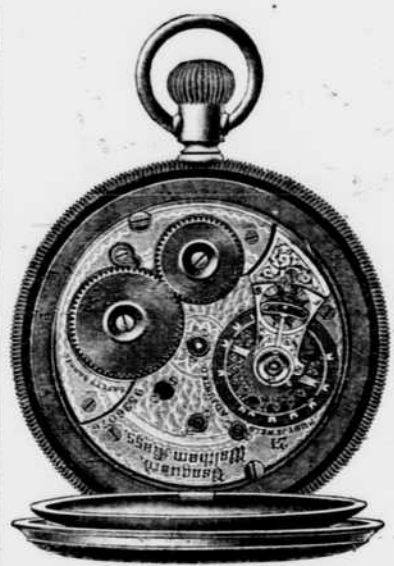
Reid & Sylvester.

Dealer In

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Also,

Watchmaker, Jeweler,
and
Optician.



Groceries, Hardware, Tinware, Furniture, Carpets, Portiers, Matting, Art Square, Rugs, Stoves, Etc.
Queen Butter, 70c. Fresh Ranch Eggs, 25c

Dry Goods, Gents' Furnishing, Hats,
Caps, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Etc.

Special Prices On Outfits to Cannermen and LOGGERS,

Fresh Fruit and Vegetables By Every boat.

F. W. CARLYON.

OLYMPIC Restaurant and Bakery.

— THE
Olympic Restaurant and
Dairy Co.,
PROPRIETORS.

Wrangell, Alaska.

First-Class Meals, 35c. and Up.

Special Rates to Boarders.

Fresh Bread and Pastry

Always on hand.

Milk and Cream.

ICE CREAM

Made to Order on Short Notice.

Steamer Capella

A. K. Rastad, Master.

Will leave Wrangell on or about

April 20th, 1903

—For—

Shakan, Klawack, Howkan

And way ports, West Coast of Prince of Wales Island.

Olympic Mining Co.

C. A. RENOUE.

Commercial Agent.

H. D. CAMPBELL,

—Dealer In—

General Hardware,

Stoves: Graniteware,

Tinware, Galvanized

ware,

Carpenter Tools Etc.

Boat Hardware a Specialty.

Wrangell, Alaska.

Spring Opening!

Before you start in with your Spring Cleaning, it will pay you to look over our New Patterns of

Linoleums and Carpets.

You will find it cheaper to buy new than patch up the old

On the next boat we expect our New Line of

SUMMER WAISTS

Straight from the Eastern Market. We will have more to say about this later

Always the FRESHEST of GROCERIES and PROVISIONS on hand.

Our Stock is Complete in All Lines.

THE CITY STORE,

DONALD SINCLAIR, Prop.

If you want DRY GOODS, our line is Complete in every detail.

Examine our SHOES and you will be satisfied as to Style, Quality and Price.

In GROCERIES we keep nothing but the Best and at Close Prices.

Our stock of HARDWARE

Is Large, and we can suit you in anything you call for.

If you want to Furnish a House, have a look at our line of

FURNITURE!

Agents for Hercules Powder.

ST. MICHAEL TRADING CO.

The OLD RELIABLE.

ALASKA SENTINEL.

Published every Thursday by
A. V. R. SNYDER
Editor and Proprietor.

Entered November 20, 1902, at Wrangell, Alaska, as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

—Subscription Rates—
One Year—In Advance.....\$2 00
Six Months ".....1 25
Three Months ".....75

Advertising Rates.
Professional Cards per Month.....\$1 00
Display, per inch per month.....50
Locals, per Line.....10

GEORGE CLARK,
Attorney-at-Law
and Notary Public.
Wrangell, Alaska.

GEO. E. RODMAN,
Attorney-at-Law.
Ketchikan, Alaska.
Will practice in all courts. All business promptly attended to.

New York Kitchen.

K. NAKANO, Prop'r.
Open from 7 a. m. to 12 Midnight.

and
The Best Meal Served for 35c.

Best Bread and Pastry
Always on Hand.

DROP IN.
Eastern Oysters, 50 Cents.

Dissolution of Partnership
NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between Mrs. E. A. Kyvig and L. S. Schreuder, doing business at the Stieken Pharmacy, will dissolve Feb. 1st, 1903, by mutual consent, Dr. L. S. Schreuder retiring and Dr. E. A. Kyvig continuing the business, who will collect all outstanding accounts and assume all liabilities contracted by the above-named firm.
Dr. E. A. KYVIG.
Dr. L. S. SCHREUDER.
Dated Jan. 28, 1903.

U. S. MAIL BOAT

Tidings,

R. B. YOUNG, Master,
Sails on or about

April 1-15, 1903.

Carrying Mail, Passengers and Freight, for

Olympic Mining Co.'s Hattie Camp,

Shakan, Klawack,
Howkan, Copper Mt.,
Klin Quann, Hunter's Bay

For freight and passenger rates, apply to
R. B. YOUNG.

GO TO

J. G. Grant,

WRANGELL,

For all of the

Latest Papers

—and—

Leading Periodicals.

Fresh Fruits

AND

Confectionery.

ALL ORDERS FOR

COAL

PROMPTLY FILLED.

Steamers a Specialty.

J. W. RABER,

Practical Barber.

Wrangell, Alaska.

The Smoothest Shave
And Nobbiest Haircut
You are Invited to Call and see me
Next door to Wrangell Drug Store.

LOCAL GRIST.

Ground Out Weekly for The
Sentinel Readers.

Crabs are coming in.

Schools of smelt are playing in the bay.

They tell us Ed Weber is the boss salesman of pipes.

Green garden truck in the market; but it tastes like silver.

L. P. Spear, superintendent of the United Fish Co., was in town the fore part of the week.

Harry Brice was a passenger for Ketchikan on the City of Seattle, Tuesday morning.

The SENTINEL office has been doing some job work for the United Fish Co., this week.

Mr. C. L. Hamilton has purchased some property in West Wrangell and is improving it.

This weather makes people begin to think about making gardens, if the nights were not so terribly cold.

Walter Campen left down on the Seattle to join his wife at Portland, Oregon. He will probably be gone several weeks.

The Capella came in Tuesday evening with manager Harvey and left out Wednesday. J. Cool came in to visit his family.

The Wrangell Drug Co.

Remember the services at Peniel Mission, Sunday, 11 a. m. Bible class Wednesday evening at 7:30, a new method of study to be inaugurated. All are welcome.

The subject of the sermon at the Presbyterian Church Sunday evening will be "Christian Chivalry." Music by the boys' choir. All are most cordially invited to be present.

Who is Arthur C. Jackson, anyhow? Why, he's a fellow from Seattle who wants to be commissioner from Alaska to the St. Louis World's Fair, and to secure the place, claims a residence at Juneau. Every organization in Alaska should protest against such interlopers being given place from this district. There are enough competent, honest Alaskans who can fill such places.

Mrs. Hamilton continues to improve under Dr. Kyvig's care.

The little mail boat Mabel arrived at her home port Monday noon after a successful trip over on the west coast.

Four wild geese are in the lot next to the SENTINEL office, and it is quite interesting to the reporter to see Robert Reid feed them. With a handful of wheat he says "come here, boys," and they walk up and eat the grain out of his hand, chattering all the while, as if expressing their appreciation. Kindness will win the good will of man, bird or beast, which is clearly exemplified in this case.

Little Walter Wellman, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Wellman, met with a painful accident, last Friday evening. While playing about a pile of lumber, down at the mill, the lumber fell with him and caught him underneath it, breaking his left leg in two places just above the knee, and otherwise bruising him up. Dr. Stanton was called, reduced the fractures and otherwise made the young patient as comfortable as possible.

"Christ is Risen from the Dead," was the theme at the Presbyterian Church, Sunday evening, in honor of Easter Sunday. The music in the main was furnished by the boys and girls under the leadership of Miss Robertson, and reflected credit upon all; the choir sang; Ernest Campbell recited; Harry Collins and Thomas Cole sang a duet; Messrs Shasted on the violin, Milligan on the cello and Miss Robertson on the organ rendered a nice trio, and Rev. H. P. Corser gave an excellent address on the import of the day. A good congregation was present.

The Ragnhild with its party consisting of Capt. Edwin and I. M. Hofstad, Dr. and Mrs. Kyvig, Miss Bergita "Hofstad, engineer Wm. Taylor and Louis Olsen, returned from their trip the middle of last week. They went out to look at the country along Chatham and Pearl straits, but there was so much snow they were unable to see much. However they located three claims. They visited Sitka, and from there Mr. Svindseth accompanied them home. Mr. Svindseth says that the run of herring has begun in large numbers, but that they have become too soft for putting up.

During the past winter the corners of Reid's wharf have been pretty badly stove in by heavy steamers bucking up against them. This week C. P. Cole has been at work with a pile driver making necessary substantial repairs.

Last fall Marshal Grant imported from below a fine lot of chickens, and he contemplated going into the chicken and egg business on a large scale. Not having sufficient room for the industry, he recently sold to Mr. Berg up on the hill, 100 of his flock and retains just enough for his eggs and the natural increase. The business of conducting a henery in Alaska, properly, should be a lucrative one.

Saturday last deputy marshal Grant and jailer Collins went to Petersburg on the Helen Payne in answer to a notice they were needed officially. Dan Barlow had given whiskey to Indians, acted naughtily with a native woman and otherwise transgressed the law, and Walter Paul had been exercising his muscle on a native woman. When the officers got to Petersburg the men had left, and they found them about twenty miles beyond, reaching this place with them at about 1 o'clock p. m. Sunday. Monday morning they were given a hearing, Barlow plead guilty and was given fifty days; Paul plead not guilty, the woman stood in with him and he was turned loose.

Saturday we had a great sou' Easter and Sunday we had Easter, too.

Frank Dandy made a flying business trip to Ketchikan and return, last week.

Joe Nielsen has a good job in a logging camp below, making his \$2.50 every day.

Mr. Cowen, who accompanied Mr. Sylvester to this place, returned to Seattle by the last Farallon.

The next term of district court will begin at Juneau May 4th. Grand juror from Wrangell, Col. Crittenden; petit jurors, A. V. R. Snyder, Patrick Loftus and John C. Stevens.

The first load of lumber of the season left the mill last Friday afternoon. The big scow Garnet having on board 130,000 feet of as pretty lumber as one wishes to see left in tow of the steamer Alaska for Juneau.

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Mr. Walter Woodbridge, an old-time Wrangellite, came up on the Seattle. Mr. Woodbridge has of late been working in the Sea Level mine, about thirty miles from Ketchikan, where, he says, the prospects are very good. At present he is foot-loose and intends to do some prospecting in this section, and he has faith in striking something pretty good. Mr. W. says there has been very little prospecting done about Wrangell.

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A. M. Tibbets was in town a few days recently.

John Fry has been up from his saltery this week.

Wm. Feickert is with us again for a few days. He reports things moving along quite briskly down at Ketchikan.

A friend of Mr. A. J. Amundson made the old gentleman a present of a beautiful large heavy gold ring last week.

M. M. Rosenthal has been just able to move about for some days, being afflicted with the prevailing ailment, grip.

Regular annual meeting of Wrangell Chamber of Commerce this (Thursday) evening, at which will occur the annual election of officers.

Mr. H. D. Campbell "got it in neck" pretty bad during the week; not what the chicken got, but the grip, and it was with difficulty he could speak for a day or two.

Charley Darwell has been having quite a serious time of late. He had the grip, and added to this he had neuralgia in the face, which became so swollen that it was necessary to have it lanced Saturday evening. He is now improving.

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School Reports for March

NO. ONE.

Days taught.....22
Days attendance.....354
Days absence.....83
Times tardy.....12
Average daily attendance.....16
Roll of honor—neither absent nor tardy:

Annie Lewis Walter Wellman
Oscar Case Tommy Case
MINNIE ROBERTSON, Teacher.

NO. TWO.

Days taught.....22
Days attendance.....887
Days absence.....654
Times tardy.....19
Average daily attendance.....40
Roll of honor:

Frank Churchill Lynn Worden
Geo McGee David Churchill
Mar. Bronson Willie Taylor
Fred. Bronson Louis Lemieux
Ernest Campbell Mary Loftus
Elton Barnes Chris Lemieux
Lulu Farrer Leland Headlund
Eddie Lynch Bertha Lemieux
Kat. Bronson Harry Coulter
Leon Campbell Virginia Cook
Roy Churchill

W. G. BEATTIE, Teacher.

Wrangel Drug Co

In delving in the earth for precious metals, up the Stieken this year, Robert Reid does not propose that men from a distance shall be the only ones to try their luck. Years ago, in company with Judge Porter of Telegraph Creek, and two men who have since died, Mr. Reid camped on a small stream. It was in the winter and their fire was built on the rim-rock about three feet above the ice on the creek. Before they left they panned out where their fire had thawed the earth, and from a place about eighteen inches square took one dollar in gold dust. Soon after this Mr. Reid went into business here and has never been able to return to the place, though he has longed to do so. But now that he is foot-loose he proposes to go there with the opening of navigation on the Stieken, and Harry Malone and Alex Varet will go with him. The place is about 100 miles from Telegraph Creek, and Mr. Reid is certain he can go directly to it, and believes that it will prove very rich as it is directly in the gold belt running through that section.

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGLER.....ALASKA.

The inevitable has happened. Cole Younger will write the story of his life.

It is believed that some of the skeptics who deny the existence of trusts have, nevertheless, taken considerable stock in them.

When all the novelists are in the Legislature and all the pugilists are on the stage we may look for some strenuous uplifting.

It has been twenty-seven years since Honduras had a revolution, and the neighbors never cease to wonder what ails poor Honduras.

The Pullman Company has decided to shorten the hours of its employees. But it will go right on lengthening the legs of its patrons by letting them pay its porters.

The Atchafalaya Globe complains of the man who can talk all day and say nothing. If that were only all—but he does it the next day, too. And the day after that.

Emperor William is interested in a quick telegraph invention which averages 50,000 words an hour. Is William about to give the world another evidence of his versatility?

Max Regis will keep on with his reckless dueling till he meets with an accident. Supposing he were to bite his tongue, for instance, while fighting and sassing simultaneously.

During 1902 the heirs of Richard Wagner received no less than \$140,000 as royalties on the compositions of the late master. Yet there are thousands of honest and industrious boiler-makers who are struggling along on \$3 per day or such a matter.

Few persons will be inclined to blame the woman who has sued for a divorce from her husband because of his habit of smoking a pipe around the house at 1 a. m. No husband would tolerate such a practice on the part of his wife.

The London Morning Post is much pleased over the episode in Congress when a Canadian woman in the gallery called out "You lie." And the Post advises the imperial government to use emphatic words in dealing with the United States. Well, we like emphatic words. They're the kind we use ourselves.

A Tennessee man became so incensed over the marriage of his daughter to a man he didn't happen to admire that he put a gun in his pocket and proceeded to kill an innocent person who was so unfortunate as to be mistaken in the darkness for the newly made benedict. The friends of the deceased fed rather strongly committed to the idea that marriage is a failure.

In this country old names, many of them of aboriginal origin, are being replaced by names not nearly so attractive, not nearly so distinctive, not nearly so American. The nomenclature of a country is one of its possessions that should be guarded with the utmost vigilance. It is something that comes down to it, an ancient heritage, from its earliest settlers. Respect for the pioneers, if nothing else, should prompt a retention of the early names.

Iron was so scarce an article in Scriptural times that it was good economy as well as a good peace measure to beat swords into plowshares. Conditions have changed. The Boers in South Africa consign their swords to the scrap-heap and send to the United States for American farming tools. They have recently ordered seventeen thousand eight-horse plows from a New York dealer, and large quantities of other tools in other parts of the country.

Persons are accustomed to speak of the "high spirit" of a man or a woman or a horse, and call it a strong quality. That depends. A high spirit—temper, as we call it—is valuable only as it is under control. Parents do not always understand this. Too often, when the young child flouts itself in irritation or in anger, the father and mother laugh at the exhibition. Later they learn with regret that they have an untrained spirit to deal with. Schools do not always teach self-control as they ought. What is called "discipline" is often an arbitrary thing adapted better to provoke than to control the temper of children. More than half of culture is control. And restrained power is one of the secrets of success. When men want power from water they restrain it, store it up, dam it. Why do the tides rise restlessly? Because the swing of the ocean is behind them! Watch the great orator as he speaks. Analyze the force behind his plea. What is it? Restrained, reserved power—controlled spirit. Study the passion of the great actor. There is a greater passion in reserve. The one who "tears passion to tatters" has none left in his storage battery. "Greater is he that controlleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city." He who permits his temper to boil over gives the spectacle of the hurried, heated, excited loser in the race. He is self-handicapped. Store up your engines. Keep your temper in leash. Do not push and crowd and fume and sweat and swear. For verily, verily,

I say unto you, you will get left. The man who has his temper well harnessed will pass you.

The decay of manners in this day, so much bemoaned, may, after all, be but a part of the process of social evolution. The individual and individual traits are losing identity in the mass. In the old days when strangers were rarely met with, friends were seen but seldom and visits were rare and formal affairs, involving elaborate preparations and frequently long journeys on horseback or by coach, it was quite natural that more fuss should be made, that more elaborate hospitality should be extended, that more nice things should be said and done in a nicer way, than now, when we momentarily bump into one another at any time by telephone or telegraph or fast mail, may make visits at easy convenience in comfortable cars and are forced to look upon social intercourse not as rare, costly and grandly formal, but rather as overdone. Times have changed and custom and manners necessarily have changed with them. Some old customs still linger under conditions that render them meaningless. New courtesies have been born that we do not as yet fully appreciate. It is to be wished that more men and women might give more thought and care to the rights of others. It matters little what one's manners may be who has consideration regard for other people's comfort. Kind words spoken when in every day clothes are worth more than all the fine compliments ever uttered in full dress. Modern manners are the little courtesies of every day. They are no longer something to be put on only with one's best clothes and to be put away in a closet with them.

A considerable number of ministers in various parts of the country are endeavoring to unify the sentiment of their congregations on the divorce question. A proportion of them recommend that divorce shall not be granted for either desertion or cruelty. This might appear to be intended as an oppression of innocent wives. Most people, whatever they may think about lax divorce laws, are not likely to see in this suggestion a moral or social betterment. Is a woman to be compelled to continue to risk her life in the company of a brute? Or, if deserted, must she continue to be subject at any time to the selfish whims of her unnatural husband, who would thus be able to claim legal authority over her and their children, though failing to provide for either? The advocates of this restricted divorce right may be correct in their opinion that cruelty and desertion are frequently professed or sufficiently actuated by collusion for the purpose of obtaining divorce in order to secure liberty to enter into new matrimonial ties. There may be some truth in this avowal. No legislation is likely to prevent collusion for the dissolution of the marriage tie when grown tedious or intolerable to those who entered into it believing it dissoluble. But no legislation will ever consent to refuse divorce in proved cases of either desertion or cruelty. The ministers would render better service to the object they have in view by promoting public opinion and legislation against the remarriage of divorced persons, at least against the remarriage of the guilty party. Statistics have repeatedly shown that more than three-fourths of the divorces in the United States are secured for the purpose of immediate remarriage. Were the divorce laws of the country unified upon a basis of judicial separation in extreme cases, with denial to the guilty of the right to remarry, the morals of American society would be speedily improved and the rights of blameless wives and helpless children would be better safeguarded.

Some Noted Names Pronounced.
Because there are no rules for the pronunciation of proper names, innumerable errors are made in this matter. Here follow the correct pronunciations of the names of some persons of renown. A. T. Quiller-Couch sounds the ou of his last syllable as the oo is sounded in the word root. Jerome K. Jerome accents the first syllable of his last name; he pronounces it to rhyme with tear 'em. In the name of Robert Louis Stevenson the Louis is pronounced as though it were spelled Lewis. Sir Walter Besant's last name has its first syllable accented, and rhymes with pleasant. The poet Richard Hovey's name has its first syllable sounded so as to rhyme with dove. The name of Andrew Carnegie is accented on the second syllable; it should be pronounced as though it were spelled Car-nay-gie.

Japanese Dentistry.
The Japanese dentist does not frighten his patient with an array of steel instruments. All his operations in tooth-drawing are performed by the thumb and forefinger of one hand. The skill necessary to do this is acquired only after long practice, but when once it is obtained, the operator is able to extract half a dozen teeth in about thirty seconds without once removing his fingers from the patient's mouth. The dentist's education commences with the pulling out of plugs which have been pressed into soft wood; it ends with the drawing of hard pegs which have been driven into an oak plank with a heavy mallet.

Give people an inch and they will take a foot. A good plan is to jump them when they take an inch, and not wait for the foot.

Money may not make the man, but that doesn't prevent the man from trying to make money.

Boys And Girls Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

Lillian and Don.
A little dog was begging for his breakfast; he begged so hard that he cried, and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Dear Don," said his loving little mistress,
"eat this nice bone and drink some water, for I am sure you must be dreadfully hungry."

Greedy Don gobbled up everything in a hurry; as soon as he was through he instantly began to frolic and jump around in a very knowing way; for he felt certain that Lillian would take him for a frolic that morning when she went for a walk with nurse, and he was not disappointed.

Off they scampered along the shady wood path and into the woods, nurse following more quietly. At last Lillian sat down to rest a moment, and faithful Don stretched himself at her feet, with his tongue hanging out of his mouth. They sat under the shade of the grand old trees very happily, until a mischievous little wood fairy shot a strange thing called an "X ray" straight at poor Don's waving tail. He yelped, more from surprise than pain, and very

zealously started for home, followed by Lillian and nurse.
While reading of Lillian, Don and the trees, You may also be learning Your A. B. C's.—Dorothy Newton Esq.

Charlie's Ride.
It was a bright, crisp winter morning, and Charlie Mason felt full of life. So he took his sled and went up the road to the "big hill," to slide.

The road was hard and smooth, and he had a fine time with his new sled. He would walk briskly up the long hill, and then come down rushing through the air like a train of cars.

In a short time he grew tired of climbing the hill, and started for home. Just then his brother Hugh came along, riding on their old horse, Fanny.

"Wait a minute, Hugh," cried Charlie. "I want a ride."
"How can you ride? There isn't room for two up here," returned Hugh.

After meditating for a minute, she said:
"He must feel very sorry for me, for just see him cry."

A Natural Inquiry.
My little cousin was sent to the store for some peaches. She asked the grocer the price.
"Five cents a quart," he said, "and free stone."

"Well, do you have to pay for the stone some places?" asked the child.

Prevention Better than Cure.
If you wish to escape baldness, avoid tight-fitting hats and collars, also close-fitting caps, unless these be of some porous material. The two former prevent a due supply of blood to the parts; hence the hair papillae are put, as it were, on short commons all the time the hats and collars are worn.

All headgear which is not porous should be ventilated at the top and sides to allow a free current of air. Never sit or stand with the top of the head near the gaslight or lamp-light. The heat thrown out is apt to paralyze the scalp tissues, and dries up the hair itself. Don't wash the hair oftener than once a fortnight, when first rub in the yolk of an egg and thoroughly rinse out with warm water, into which has been thrown a pinch of borax. Dry carefully and apply a little pure olive oil. Beware of the common practice of dipping the comb in water when arranging the hair. It promotes decomposition and rancidity of the natural oil, and so leads to "rotting." If the hair is naturally dry, apply a little olive oil occasionally.

Business by Mail.
The world is just beginning to realize the advantages and economies of doing business by mail. When these things are fully understood there will be a demand for better facilities for the remission of money than now exist, and it will be most emphatic. The post check system is evidence of such a demand. It provides a perfectly safe and economical plan of sending money through the mails at a minimum cost to the sender; and he can hardly lose except by his own negligence. The plan has been before the public for some time and no valid objections have been found. An innovation that promises so much at so little expense should be given a trial.

and he came near getting a terrible blow. When he thought of his narrow escape, he saw how foolishly he had acted; and this lesson taught him that it is not best to impose on the good nature of even the kindest animals.—Illustrated Home Journal.

German Children Walk.
If I were asked what is the favorite amusement of German children, I should answer, taking long walks into the country. The love of nature seems to be born with most of them. Besides, they are sturdy young folks, and are perfectly willing to put up with inconveniences. For these reasons they are just the people to enjoy walking in the country, and the practice begun in childhood is kept up during life. When the children go on these long walks, they often carry what we should call a botanical box (that is, a tin box about a foot and a half long, with rounded edges, and a lid on hinges), slung over the shoulder by a strap.—St. Nicholas.

Schoolboys and the Queen.
Two little schoolboys in Holland recently sent Queen Wilhelmina a quaint little letter, which, translated, says Leslie's Weekly, reads: "Dear Queen—Do, please, say that our teacher is not to be sent away. She is so good to us, and we love her so much, and really she hasn't done anything. Father says you are powerful and good, and that you even pardon murderers, because you wish bad people to become good again." Queen Wilhelmina sent a reply promising that the case of the teacher threatened with dismissal should be investigated.

Origin of species.
One day my little sister Ethel, 3 years of age, and I were at my auntie's house on the Northwest Side. We saw a tree full of black things across the street and she said to me:

"What are those black things in that tree?"
"Those are cocoons," I replied.
She ran into the house very much surprised and said:
"I saw some cocked coons in the tree across the street. Ain't that the place where the colored children come from?"

Fish Make Sounds.
Many fish can produce musical sounds. The red gurnard has earned the name of seacock from the crowing noise which it makes, while another species is called the piper. Others, notably two species of opidium, have sound-producing apparatus consisting of small, movable bones which can be made to produce a sharp rattle. The curious "drumming" made by the Mediterranean fish known as the maigre can be heard from a depth of thirty fathoms.

Evidence of Sympathy.
One rainy day when little Helen was naughty because she could not go out and play, her mother told her that God felt sorry for little children who were naughty.

After meditating for a minute, she said:
"He must feel very sorry for me, for just see him cry."

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THE WATCHER IN THE WOOD.

Deep in the wood's recesses cool
I see the fairy dancers glide,
In cloth of gold, in gown of green,
My lord and lady side by side.

But who has hung from leaf to leaf—
From flower to flower a silken twine,
A cloud of gray that holds the dew
In globes of clear enchanted wine?

Or stretches far from branch to branch,
From thorn to thorn, in diamond rain,
Who caught the cup of crystal pure
And hung so far the shining chain?

'Tis death, the spider, in his net,
Who lures the dancers as they glide,
In cloth of gold, in gown of green,
My lord and lady side by side.
—Waverley Magazine.

DISINHERITED.

It was a dim, old-fashioned room, with furniture that added to the old-world air of the place, but Daisy Black paid little heed to anything but the great old bureau with its many drawers, that stood in the corner. With quick and nervous fingers, she searched drawer after drawer. The twilight deepened and still she had not found what she sought. The door opened, and she turned with a startled scream, real terror showing itself in her fair young face.

The intruder looked on her sarcastically.
"Miss Black, rifling my drawers! To what am I indebted for this honor?"
Daisy stared at him, and tried in vain to speak until he had repeated his question.

"I—I thought—I was looking—I thought my uncle—"

And then, as his mocking glance stirred her to keener resolution, she spoke out plainly and collectedly:

"My uncle always assured me that he would provide amply for our future, and as no will of his has been produced I feel sure that one is hidden somewhere among his papers. No one knows so well as I how he used to arrange his papers, and no one would be so likely to discover this. I could not ask your permission, Mr. Wallace—"

"Certainly not, as you evidently accredit me with the intention of defrauding you of an inheritance. You preferred to attempt to steal the document from amongst my property. Are you aware, Miss Black, that you have broken feloniously into my house, and that I should be quite justified in handing you over to the police?"

Daisy stood silent and aghast. She knew not what to say. It was her brother who had urged and taunted her into this proceeding, sorely against her own judgment, and thus delivered her over into the power of her enemy. What he said was bitterly true—she had broken into his house on the mistaken assurance that he was far away.

Edward watched her confusion with a certain satisfaction. He was pleased to find her more or less in his power, and for the time being he was, and intended to be, merciless.

"We will have a little conversation, if you please, Miss Black. Be so good as to sit there," he said authoritatively. "You imagined that your late uncle left you a large share of his property, as, indeed, he had intended to do. Shall I tell you why he altered his intention?"

Daisy's white lips would neither say yes nor no, and he went on without it.
"About a month before his death he found your brother, Lieutenant Charles Black, engaged precisely as you have been engaged—in rifling this bureau. He had entered precisely as you have entered, and was seeking the same thing. He wanted to know his chances of a future inheritance with a view to successful speculation. Mr. Wallace was naturally indignant. He sent for me, his heir-at-law, gave me certain instructions, and destroyed his will in my presence. If you had been sufficiently courteous to accord me the interview I asked last week after the funeral, you would have spared yourself this unpleasantness; but you prefer to seek your information in your brother's way. It is something in the blood, no doubt."

Daisy moved uneasily.
"I think I had a right—"

"Not to break into my house. Perhaps you would like to read the letter your uncle wrote me concerning Lieutenant Black? You may judge from that what the world in general will think of your conduct when it comes to be known."

Daisy read the letter. Every word was a stab to her, and she sat sick with despair. Edward took it back from her helpless fingers, and spoke on more gently:
"I do not wish to make this matter public; I do not wish to make you acquainted with the police, as you imagine. Your family is too closely connected with mine. But I wish to be justified in the eyes of the world in taking all my rightful property, and it would suit me to make you my wife. If you wish to preserve your own and your brother's credit, you can do it at that price."

"But I hate you, Edward Wallace!" cried she, springing up in hot amazement. "And how could you marry a woman you cannot trust—a woman with 'something in her blood'?"

"Your hatred does not much signify," he returned calmly, "and as to the rest I shall take care that my wife conducts herself as she should. I give you twenty minutes for decision—marry me, or let all Glasgow know the reason of your inheritance."

And with that he went out and left her, with the door locked upon her.

For twenty minutes Daisy sat in mortal anguish, her arms on the table and

her head buried in her arms. She knew her brother's necessities, but she had not known till this time the depth of his meanness. She saw it now, she understood what he had done, and she understood the words with which he had taunted her into what she had done. But she could not bear the scandal that must follow on his total ruin, nor the scandal that must follow if Edward Wallace fulfilled his threat. Her little fortune might save Charles—would at least enable him to get off to America. She would make it over to him, and then, if Edward Wallace chose to marry her—why, let him!

The time was up, and Wallace returned.

"Have you decided, Miss Black?"
"Yes," replied Daisy, without moving. "I am perfectly helpless. I must marry you if you choose."

He sat down by her and issued his directions—not unkindly, but in a manner that admitted no appeal. Daisy was to marry him in a month; she was not to return to her home but to spend that month with his aunt, Mrs. Tenant, who would see to all her preparations and act the part of guardian to her during the time. Mrs. Tenant would arrange all the particulars of her trousseau and charge herself with the payment for it, and in the meantime Edward would see his betrothed every day.

So he took her away from Mrs. Tenant's, and came day by day to see her; and all sorts of dainty garments were sent in from the best shops, and Daisy signed papers that her lawyer drew up for her, and continually her eyes grew duller and her lips grew drier; and half the month had gone away when Edward came in his turn with papers to be signed.

Then he explained to her that these legal documents represented the fulfillment of her uncle's last wish. After the destruction of his will his heart had melted toward Daisy, and he had decided to make over to her a sum sufficient to keep her in comfort all the days of her life. No a penny was to go to her brother. He did not live to carry out his intentions, but Edward felt it a duty incumbent on him to do what he knew to be his cousin's wish. He made over the specified sum to Daisy, and considered himself thereby absolved from drawing up marriage settlements.

Daisy heard, in the dead-alive way in which she heard everything in those days. She neither cared nor understood and she did not see the inquisitorial glance that her betrothed bent upon her.

Gradually—not that day nor the next—it dawned on her dulled brain that this money was absolutely hers, to dispose of if she would, and for a short while she was her own mistress, to act as she pleased. This, too, she would give to Charles; and again she wrote secretly to her lawyer. If Edward were angry his anger could not kill her, and if it did, there was nobody true and honest left in the world, and she would as soon be out of it.

Delays, tiresome and vexatious, kept the matter unsettled till within two days of the wedding. It was Sunday, and Edward had taken her to church, where she had heard a sermon. Something in that sermon stirred Daisy uncomfortably, and she felt a certain kindness in her tyrant's manner that she had never noticed before.

She left him for a minute, and returned with a paper torn to shreds in her hand. Her face burnt feverishly, and her manner was hot and excited.

"Edward," she said, "this is the paper that you gave me a fortnight ago."

"You have torn it!" said he, after bending to discover what it was. "It does not matter; you can have another copy."

"But I tore it to destroy it. I do not want to have the money. I was going to do what I ought not with it."

"It was only a copy, Daisy," he said gently. "Your lawyer has the record. The money is your own, and you cannot get rid of it."

"I was going to get rid of it," she sobbed. "I was going to give it to Charles without your knowing. You see I cannot be honest; there is 'something in the blood.'"

"Poor Daisy," he said, in a voice of pity. "You cannot learn to trust me, and I cannot torture you any further. You shall be free altogether, dear. You need not fear any talk or scandal. I will arrange that no blame falls upon you. My aunt will take care of you. Do not make over that money to any one, Daisy; let Charles have the interest if you like, but keep the principal in your own hands. You may want it."

He kissed her hand, drew off the splendid ring that had marked the engagement, and left her far too much bewildered to know what had befallen her.

All night long Daisy lay awake, thinking and weeping and praying. Everything was a puzzle to her—Edward most of all. Since the first day they had met they had been foes; she had taken no pains to disguise her enmity, and he had done his utmost to provoke her to outbursts of wrath. He had treated her hardly and contemptuously when she fell into his hands, yet surely he had in reality been noble and generous beyond the generality of men; and now at this last, when he set her free, he had seemed as if he loved her—loved her who stood alone in the world—alone except for Charles, whom she knew too well ever to trust again.

Edward Wallace had scarcely breakfasted on the following morning when Daisy Black was ushered into his room.

"You here!" he exclaimed in annoyance. "If you wanted me you should have sent for me."

"I could not wait," she faltered. "I want to know if you meant what you said yesterday?"

"Certainly I did," he replied. "You shrank from your bondage, and I set you free."

"But I do not want to be free," pleaded Daisy. "I am not good; but if you will bear with me and take me back I will try."

"To tolerate me?" he asked. And there was something in his voice that made her look up with surprise. "Daisy, little Daisy! Have you come to me at last?" he said, drawing her close up to him. "I have been trying to win you since the first day long ago when you insulted me out of pure malice, little spiteful that you are. Is it all right now? Will you tolerate me?"

"I am so lonely, so weak; I cannot live alone—"

"And I am better than nobody? Will you marry me to-morrow, Daisy?"

She spoke no answer, but she lifted her head slowly from its resting place on his shoulder and offered her lips to his.

"If you wish it very much," she whispered. "And about the money I will do what you wish. I want to be trusted; I want you not to think that there is 'something in the blood.'"

"Not even self-sacrifice? Oh, Daisy, what a sharp eye I shall have to keep upon my wife!"—Weekly Welcome.

MANNERS IN PUBLIC.

Things that Weaken Man's Gallant Admiration of Women.
The consequences of a woman's adopting customs unbecoming to herself are manifold, says M. E. W. Sherwood in Success. In the first place she strikes at the most sacred thing in the universe, man's love and reverence for women. She strikes at that primeval instinct, which is that the strong should protect the weak; that the lover should seek the maid, and that he should kiss whilst she holds the cheek. Who could in the fashionable circles of to-day have inspired Shakespeare to create Viola? or else have made fair Rosalind say, when fainting, "I have no doubt and hope in my disposition." A young girl of to-day would be apt to call for sweetener, and, alas! would bet in the race course language of Saratoga instead of saying, with Jessica, charming creature: "I am never merry when I hear sweet music," or some such refined remark. It would seem sometimes as if that primeval Eve had been eradicated, and that Catherine of Russia, Nell Gwynne and less illustrious examples had been installed in her place. A very clever literary artist of to-day, who has written in French of Eve's tortoise, has painted, with most consummate skill, the beautiful young American woman in Paris, her who, partly spoiled by her indulgent and most glibulous American husband (who thinks whatever she does is right), is not rightly comprehended in the old world, where her mannerisms are misinterpreted.

True delicacy exhibits itself most significantly in little things; in the attitude, the way of standing and of sitting down. Watch a famous dancer and see how well, how modestly she sits down. Fanny Ellsler said she gave five years' study to the art of sitting down gracefully. It is a great thing to do a little thing well, and we may be sure that the art of taking a seat "like a lady" is not too much studied by women in public places. As a young woman should remember, as she enters a crowded theater, that she should produce a murmur of satisfaction from her modest, shrinking beauty, not a congratulatory gurgle of pleasure at her air of impudence and independence.

Qualified to Travel.
In his "Confessions of a Caricaturist," Harry Furness tells the following story of his brother-in-law, a man who had spent his life in London:

He was also an inveterate and clever story teller, and of course occasionally made a slip, as, for instance, on a railway journey to Brighton once, when he found himself alone with a stranger. The stranger, in conversation, happened to ask my relative, casually, if he were fond of traveling.

"Traveling? I should rather think so," he replied, airily, and, imagining he was impressing some one who was "something in the city," he continued: "Yes, sir, I'm a pretty experienced traveler. Been mostly round the world and all that kind of thing, you know, and had my share of adventures. I can tell you!"

After a bit he gained more confidence and launched into details, giving the stranger the benefit of his experience. "Why, sir, you read in books that hunters of big game, such as tigers, watch their eyes. Not a bit of it. What you have to do is to watch the tail. That's the thing! It mesmerizes the animal, so to speak, and you have him at your mercy."

On arriving at the hotel he found that his traveling companion had just signed his name in the visitors' book. It was Richard F. Burton—one of the greatest travelers of the age! My brother-in-law hastened to apologize to Sir Richard for his absurd tales. He had no idea, of course, to whom he was retelling his yarns.

Burton laughed. "My dear sir, not a word, please. I was more entertained than I can tell you. You might have traveled—you lie so well!"

Facts, Not Opinions.
The thoughtful man or woman of 50 odd years does not deal in opinions, but in facts based on a lifetime of observation, and that younger persons should be both to accept these facts, adhering even in important matters, to their own unsupported theories, is a never ending marvel.

The greatest trouble with the average reformer is that he begins work too far away from home.

The success of one man is sometimes due to the failure of many.

March, April, May

There is a best time for doing everything—that is, a time when a thing can be done to the best advantage, most easily and most effectively. Now is the best time for purifying your blood. Why? Because your system is now trying to purify it—you know this by the pimples and other eruptions that have come on your face and body.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Are the medicines to take—they do the work thoroughly and agreeably and never fail to do it.

Hood's are the medicines you have always heard recommended.

"I cannot recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla too highly as a spring medicine. When we take it in the spring we all feel better through the summer." Mrs. S. H. Neal, McCray, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

Religious Trust.—Can we not have one colossal religious trust that will take in all the denominations, or at least all that are near enough alike to make affiliation possible?—Rev. W. H. Ramsay, Louisville, Ky.

Literature.—Literature of the modern type is to be condemned largely for its change. Formerly fiction stimulated virtue; now it is indifferent in these matters.—Rev. Dr. Krauskopf, Hebrew, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mothers will use Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Mrs. Ruth McHenry Stuart is one of those sincere and unpretentious people whose work is often undervalued because it is left to make its own place and select its readers without blowing of trumpets and beating of gongs, says the Outlook. In the little group of writers who deal with real things in a real way in this country she holds a secure place. She has various gifts—skill in characterization, feeling for her background, a good sense which shines in well-phrased reflections; but her most original gift is humor—unforced, spontaneous, kindly, full of human tenderness. The story of Napoleon Jackson, aptly described in the subtitle as The Gentleman of the Plush Rooker, is, in its way, a little masterpiece. It is a bit of life reproduced with contagious truthfulness, with genuine insight into character which commands our respect while it compels our laughter. A more beguiling story has not appeared this season, nor a more real one.

The Maligned Italian. Mother—What was it you did with that penny I gave you this morning? Willie, aged 4: "I gave it to the monkey." Mother—And what did he do with it? Willie—He put it in his cap, and then gave it to his father, who played the organ.

For bronchial troubles try Piso's Cure for Consumption. It is a good cough medicine. At drugists, price 25 cents.

The South now spins nearly one-fifth of its cotton crop.

Some women in their party clothes look like Christmas dolls.

We don't believe we ever knew any one who was not all right in theory.

LOOK OUT FOR CATARRH

When the cold wave flag is up, freezing weather is on the way. Winter is here in earnest, and with it all the miserable symptoms of Catarrh return—blinding headaches and neuralgia, thick mucous discharges from the nose and throat, a hacking cough and pain in the chest, bad taste in the mouth, fetid breath, nausea and all that makes Catarrh the most sickening and disgusting of all complaints. It causes a feeling of personal defilement and mortification that keeps one nervous and anxious while in the company of others.

In spite of all efforts to prevent it, the filthy secretions and mucous matter find their way into the Stomach and are distributed by the blood to every nook and corner of the system; the Stomach and Kidneys, in fact every organ and part of the body, become infected with the catarrhal poison. This disease is rarely, if ever, even in its earliest stages, a purely local disease or simple inflammation of the nose and throat, and this is why sprays, washes, powders and the various inhaled mixtures fail to cure. Heredity is sometimes back of it—parents have it and so do their children.

In the treatment of Catarrh, an antiseptic and soothing washes are good for cleansing purposes or clearing the head and throat, but this is the extent of their usefulness. To cure Catarrh permanently, the blood must be purified and the system relieved of its load of foul secretions, and the remedy to accomplish this is S. S. S. which has no equal as a blood purifier. It restores the blood to a natural, healthy state and the catarrhal poison and effete matter are carried out of the system through the proper channels. S. S. S. restores to the blood all its good qualities, and when rich, pure blood reaches the inflamed membrane and is carried through the circulation to all the Catarrh infected portions of the body, they soon heal, the mucous discharges cease and the patient is relieved of the most offensive and humiliating of all complaints.

S. S. S. is a vegetable remedy and contains nothing that could injure the most delicate constitution. It cures Catarrh in its most aggravated forms, and cases apparently incurable and hopeless. Write us if you have Catarrh, and our physicians will advise you without charge.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

SERMONS OF THE WEEK

Test of Character.—To many a test of character is lodged in poverty.—Rev. Dr. Adams, Methodist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Only True Life.—The acceptance of things that eye has not seen and cannot see is the only true life.—Rev. L. Watson, Episcopalian, Chillicothe, Ohio.

Knowledge of Right.—Knowledge of right will make a hero of the frailest. The one who realizes that he is right with God can bathe his hands in the martyr flame.—Rev. Dr. White, Baptist, Macon, Ga.

Nature.—Nature made God possible, and the individual must make him actual. This is the whole secret of life. Ignorance alone defeats this proposition.—Rev. F. E. Mason, Independent, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Baptists.—We are Baptists because baptism symbolizes the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. Man in rising from the burial of baptism rises with no power of his own. We are free from death because Christ conquered death.—Rev. L. J. Brown, Baptist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Condition of Slavery.—Even now there is a condition of slavery in many parts of the South. We send missionaries to Christianize other lands, but there are communities in the South as un-Christian as any part of heathendom.—Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, Presbyterian, New York City.

A True Leader.—We all know perfectly well what a true leader is. He is a man of ideas, a man who advocates a certain line of action, and he works through the press and public speech that the people may be convinced of the wisdom of his course.—Rev. Dr. Mason, Unitarian, Pittsburg, Pa.

Life.—You are to live to find out the true meaning of life. It is so easy to read into life what is not there. So easy to read the word "end" when God has simply said "begin again." So customary to read "failure" when God has said, "You are at last started right."—Rev. A. E. Bartlett, Universalist, Manchester, N. H.

Moral Support.—We are asked for our moral support to be given to a movement which means better things for the rising generation. This is not a criticism. We will take men at their word, and will help clean out what has already been begun. Good men differ as to method.—Rev. W. A. Major, Presbyterian, Seattle, Wash.

True Religious Life.—The true religious life has behind it an unselfish purpose, a purpose inspired by love to Christ, that makes the life of the man one of earnest, self-denying effort. The true Christian says: "For me to live is Christ." The life is to be consecrated to Christ.—Rev. T. W. Campbell, Presbyterian, Long Island City, N. Y.

Walk With God.—Every great city that has fallen to pieces has done so because men did not learn, or would not learn, how to walk with God. I know of no other solution than this; we are to fight the spirit of Cain, the spirit which sneeringly asks, Am I my brother's keeper? We are to fight this spirit with the spirit of Christ.—Rev. J. W. Sylvester, Presbyterian, Albany, N. Y.

Eternal Vigilance.—Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty to nations and races, but to the weaker and more helpless classes of every country and people.—Rev. Dr. Banks, Methodist, New York.

UNIQUE FEATURES IN SKYSCRAPERS.



THE skyscraper is an evolution, and a very recent one, from the comparatively modest structures of an earlier period. It is only fifteen years since the first of the type was planned, and it originated in Chicago, which city claims the Tacoma Building, completed in 1889, as the first American skyscraper. In all our large cities, where foot front values are enormous and constantly enhancing, the "Chicago construction" idea, or the modern brick built skyscraper, with its skeleton of steel and outer covering of stone, brick and glass and which is riveted together so firmly that the Cyclops might roll it down hill like a bird cage, if they chose, without injury to its structural parts, at once leaped into favor. Other cities, notably New York, seized upon the idea, expanded and elaborated it, and then began a race as to which should build the tallest structures, the tendency ever upward and with "excelsior" as the motto.

Without any intended disparagement of other cities, it may be safely asserted that New York now possesses more and larger skyscrapers than any other city in the world. A decade or so ago Chicago was in the lead, but now it is the great metropolis of the Empire State, with its structures of steel towering skyward by the score.

The tallest office buildings in the world are to be found in New York City. It was thought the limit had been reached in the Park Row or Syndicate Building, which, though nominally 382 feet in height, is 447 feet from the street to the tops of the flagstaffs on its twin towers and 501 from the base of its foundations. It is called the tallest office building in the world, its cupolas being 100 feet higher than the dome of the capitol at Washington and almost as high as the apex of the great pyramid. And yet this great structure, with its 950 rooms and accommodations for nearly 4,000 occupants, stands upon a foundation of sand. Its total estimated weight of 20,000 tons is supported upon a forest of 12,000 piles driven into the sand by the blows of a twenty-ton driver. It cost \$2,400,000 and is said to be a paying investment—in fact, there is hardly a skyscraper in New York, Chicago or any other city where realities are vastly valuable that is not returning a good rate of interest from its rentals. If it is not, then there is something the matter, the experts say, with its management.

One of the most unique of skyscrapers, almost abnormal in its peculiarities, is the so-called Hatron structure at the intersection of Broadway, 5th avenue and 23d street, New York. Viewed from the front it appears like the bow of an immense ship, being just wide enough at its edge for a narrow window, yet it is twenty-one stories high, rising 285 feet above the street, and each floor of this stone and steel structure contains 8,900 square feet of space. It cost \$1,500,000. One of Chicago's latest and finest structures is Montgomery Ward & Co.'s building. It contains twenty-one stories and measures 300 feet to the top of the weather vane.

One of the most sumptuously fitted of office buildings is said to be the Frick skyscraper in Pittsburgh, recently erected, which is twenty-two stories, covers an entire block, has a floor area of 500,000 square feet and cost, with the land it stands on, \$4,250,000.

The erection of a five hundred foot skyscraper presents no greater difficulties to be overcome than that of a two hundred footer, for the structure itself, considered geometrically, is a cumulative growth to which the genius of years has steadily contributed. The building of skyscrapers is now an exact science, and doubtless a structure could be planned by our architects that could be extended upward as far as desired. It has required a rapid readjustment of the point of view to keep up with the growth of skyscrapers, and the really unique features have become, like the articles enumerated by the auctioneer, "too numerous to mention."

LIVED TO A REMARKABLE AGE.

"Grandma" Mills Was the Oldest Woman in Canada.

Mrs. James Mills of Woodham, Ont., who died a few days ago at the age of 115 years, was the oldest woman in Canada, if not in the world. "Grandma" Mills, as she was called, whose maiden name was Mary Ann Coulter, was born in the town of Pettig, County of Fermanagh, Ireland, October 18, 1787, when George III. was King. She lived under the rule of five British sovereigns, George III., George IV., William IV., Victoria and Edward VII. Until three or four years ago she

had descendants to the sixth generation. Three or four years ago she went to St. Mary's Ont. to have her photograph taken, and surprised her friends by walking unassisted with a light, brisk step up a long flight of stairs leading to the photograph gallery. She was proud of her old age and was always pleased to receive visitors, of whom she had many, as she was known far and wide.

All through her life Mrs. Mills had been a devout Methodist, and while living with her sons in St. Thomas walked to church every Sunday that the weather was favorable. Mrs. Mills never partook of tobacco, snuff or stimulants of any kind, and in her active days toiled at many things from which women of the present generation shrink.

Taking Advantage of the Situation.

A member of the military band at a certain barracks came to the surgeon recently with a long face and a plaintive story about a sore throat. "Sore throat, eh?" said the surgeon pleasantly. "Let me see. Oh, that's not bad—a slight irritation, nothing more! You'll be all right in a day or two. I think you had better take no risk by using your throat though, so I will recommend you for a fortnight's certificate the bandman obtained two weeks' sick leave. The two weeks had just come to an end when he met the surgeon on the parade ground. The bandman saluted, and the surgeon, recognizing the face, stopped. "How's the throat?" he asked pleasantly. "It's quite well, sir," was the reply. "That's good," said the surgeon. "You can get back to your duty without fear. By the way, what instrument do you play in the band?" "The small drum, sir," said the musician.

The Weight of It. Hix—The total coal output of this country exceeds 1,000,000 tons annually. Dix—That is the output of the mines. The output of the retail dealers exceeds 2,000,000 tons.

An Irish lawyer in speaking of the demise of a colleague said: "He left a brilliant future behind him."

It isn't what a man knows, but what he doesn't tell, that enables him to pose as a wise guy.

CHANGE OF LIFE.



Some sensible advice to women passing through this trying period.

The painful and annoying symptoms experienced by most women at this period of life are easily overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is especially designed to meet the needs of woman's system at the trying time of change of life.

It is no exaggeration to state that Mrs. Pinkham has over 5000 letters like the following proving the great value of her medicine at such times.

"I wish to thank Mrs. Pinkham for what her medicine has done for me. My trouble was change of life. Four years ago my health began to fail, my head began to grow dizzy, my eyes pained me, and at times it seemed as if my back would fall me, had terrible pains across the kidneys. Hot flashes were very frequent and trying. A friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken six bottles of it and am today free from those troubles. I cannot speak in high enough terms of the medicine. I recommend it to all and wish every suffering woman would give it a trial."—Bella Ross, 88 Montclair Ave., Rosindale, Mass.—\$5.00 for full trial of original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Something Equally Good.

Teacher—Johnny, have you been vaccinated?

Johnny—No'm; but mamma made me put my flannels on this morning, and they itch just as much.—Chicago Record Herald.

FITS Permanently Cured. So fits or persons who suffer from Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, Hysteria, etc., send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. B. H. Kline, Ltd., 531 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

An Ingenious Clock.

Brussels has a church clock wound by atmospheric expansion induced by the heat of the sun.

210 Kinds for 16c.
It is a fact that Salzer's seeds are found in more gardens and on more farms than any other in America. There is a reason for this. We own and operate over 600 acres for the production of our choice seeds. In order to induce you to try them we make the following unprecedented offer:
For 16 Cents Postpaid
25 sorts wonderful onions,
25 sorts elegant cabbages,
25 sorts magnificent celeris,
25 perfect lettuce varieties,
25 new lettuce radishes,
25 splendid beet seeds.
In all 210 kinds positively furnishing baskets of charming flowers and lots and lots of choice vegetables, together with our great catalogue telling all about Macdonald's Seed, Hilltop Seed, Star Seeds, Treasures, Broomse, Spices, etc., all for only 16c. in stamps and this notice.
Order sent at last 40c. a pound.
JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO.,
La Crosse, Wis.

AMERICAN CREAM SEPARATORS
Are sold subject to approval and at a price that will enable you to make a good profit on a few cows. The cleanest, fastest machine in the world. Strongest in ALL these points that any other has.
Close Skimming. Easy Cleaning. Light Running. Durability.
Write for free catalogue.
MITCHELL, LEWIS & STAYER CO.
PORTLAND, Ore. BOISE, Idaho
SPOKANE, Wash. Won Medal, Paris, 1900.

Lazy Liver
"I have been troubled a great deal with a torpid liver, which produces constipation. I found CASCARETS to be all you claim for them, and secured such relief the first trial, that I purchased another supply and was completely cured. I shall only be too glad to recommend Cascarets whenever the opportunity is presented."
J. A. SMITH
2200 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER
Pleasant, Palatable, Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. 50c. Doz. 100c. Doz. 200c. Doz.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Selling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York.
NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all drug stores to CURE TOBACCO HABIT.
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For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of
Dr. J. C. H. Hatcher
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

WITH NERVES UNSTRUNG AND HEADS THAT ACHE
WISE WOMEN BROMO-SELTZER TAKE
TRIAL BOTTLE 10 CENTS.

PRUSSIAN STOCK FOOD
The Great Conditioner and Stock Fattener. HORSES do More Work on Less Feed. COWS give More and Richer Milk. HOGS Fatten Quicker if given this Food.
Package, 50c and \$1.00.
MAKES PIGS GROW—GOOD FOR STUNTED CALVES.
PRUSSIAN REMEDY CO., ST. PAUL, MINN.
GENTLEMEN—I have been feeding your PRUSSIAN STOCK FOOD to my thoroughbred swine. It gives them an appetite, and makes the pig grow. I also tried it on stunted calves with satisfactory results.
P. W. GEORGE, Elgin, Neb.
PORTLAND SEED CO., Portland, Oregon, Sole Agents.



Doctor—Have you heard of Mr. Blank's death? Friend—No. Are you sure he's dead? Doctor—Positive. I treated him myself.—Chicago Daily News.

Mamma—Why, Bobbie! Crying at the table? What is the matter? Bobby (quite sobbing)—The four kinds of cake, an' I'm only hungry enough to eat two.—Brooklyn Life.

Positive Testimony: "You needn't tell me," averred Miss Batchgill, "that golf isn't good exercise. It makes the young men so strong in the arms that—that you can scarcely breathe."—Chicago Tribune.

She—You certainly wouldn't marry a girl for her money, would you? He—Of course not. Neither would I have the heart to let her become an old maid merely because she had money.—Chicago Daily News.

Mrs. Aufait—Now, Nora, be very careful of this cut-glass punch-bowl. It cost a mint of money. Nora—Indeed, mum! Well, its sale tough. Sure an' I dropped it three times a'ready, an' never fazed it.—Life.

Trouble in Store: Young Husband (to wife)—Didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother with you? Young Wife—I know; that's what she wants to see you about. She read the telegram!—St. Louis Mirror.

Entirely too particular: Terrence (with the hod)—Yer not workin', Dinah. Are ye ez out of a job? Dennis—Sure, O! fell off a nine-story buildin' yesterday, an O! got mad and quit. Terrence—Aw, go on! Yer too snivelin'—Judge.

Claribel—You told me you were never going to write to young Hankinson again. Angie—He's written me a dozen letters I haven't answered, but in his last one he left a page out, and I had to write and ask him what it was about.—Chicago Tribune.

No cause for suicide: Miss Dreamer—When you stood on the brink of Niagara, and looked into the seething, surging, unfathomable depths below, did you not feel that you would like to jump in? Mr. Tourneur—No, I hadn't received by hotel bill then.—New York Weekly.

Aids to discrimination: Doctor—James, did that lady in the waiting-room come in her own coach or a trolley car? Servant—Trolley car, sir! Doctor—Thanks! I couldn't tell from her dress whether to prescribe three morians at Newport or sulphur and molasses!—Puck.

Failure: "I thought Spoonamore was going to marry Miss Garlinghorn, but I see she has let him get away." "Yes; her father didn't appear to be at all anxious for the match, and her mother was a little too anxious. She lost him on account of bad team work."—Chicago Tribune.

Fallen off: A colonel of an infantry regiment, while inspecting his command, happened to be thrown from his horse, and, as he lay sprawling on the ground, said to a brother officer, who ran to his assistance: "I thought I had improved in horsemanship, but I find I have fallen off."—Illustrated Bits.

Trouble ahead: Weary Willie—I'm gettin' a little nervous about dese here flyin' machines! Plooding Pete—Why nervous? Weary Willie—Well, as soon as dey gits flyin' machines dey'll be gittin' aerial freight trains, and it don't be no cinch gettin' chucked off an aerial freight train, lemme tell yer!—Puck.

Disproving an idiom: "Ma," remarked the small boy, "isn't it funny that everybody calls Little brother a bouncing baby?" "Why do you think it is funny, William?" returned his mother. "Because when I dropped him off the porch this morning he didn't bounce a bit. He just hollered."—Tit-Bits.

The Bride (weeping)—Oh, Jack, we've—we've got to, J—just got to give up b—boarding, and g—go to h—house-keeping-g. Hubby—Why, lovey, what's the matter? The Bride—Mrs. Worrits has been telling me all afternoon about the trouble she has with cools, and I didn't have anything to tell her.—Harper's Bazar.

The hotel of 2003: Clerk—Michael, are you about through moving those trunks? Porter—Yis, sor; in a few minutes. Clerk—Well, when you've finished, stretch the life net over the front pavement. Mrs. Hibaw has just telephoned from the top floor that her husband has fallen out of the window.—Smart Set.

Automobile proverbs: "To auto or to be autoed, that is the question." "An auto in the hand is worth two in the repair shop." "He who autoes and rides away will live to auto another day." "Run over others as they would run over you and—do it first." "To have raced and lost is better than not to have raced at all."—Maryville (Kan.) Tribune.

In a Southern State the other day a gentleman, who was waiting for his train at a country station, asked a porter who was lying on one of the seats where the station-master lived, and the porter lazily pointed to the house with his foot. The gentleman, very much struck at the man's laziness, said: "If you can show me a lazier action than that, my good man, I'll give you two-and-six-pence." The porter, not moving an inch, replied: "Put it in my pocket, guv'nor."—Tit-Bits.

THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1903.

The real future of Wrangell depends largely upon the mines back of it. If they shall prove paying to a degree of certainty, then the future of the town is indeed bright, for it will become one of the very best in the northwest. But the citizens of the town cannot afford to sit down, quietly fold their hands and wait for the development of these mines. They know to almost an absolute certainty that the ore is in the ground in paying quantities and what is required to unearth it is push, energy and united action, so that capital may be attracted thither. Nature has done much for our little town. She has given us the prettiest townsite in Alaska, covering several sections in extent, all lying beautifully; she has given us by far the safest and best harbor to be found between Dixon's Entrance and Unalaska; she has provided at our very door streams of the purest sparkling water; she has given us the most equitable climate on the northwest coast;—in fact Nature has done all she can for the town. And now the question arises have the people taken every advantage of these natural provisions, or are they going to do so, now that they have the opportunity? We shall see in the near future.

What are the people going to do at the meeting Friday evening on the matter of incorporation? Every citizen and property holder especially should be there and have his say either for or against the proposition. The SENTINEL believes the town should incorporate, for reasons stated before. The paper does not expect to reap one cent pecuniarily except through the general increase in public business we feel would come to the town through incorporation; and we believe this is the way every man feels who favors the move. Let us come together Friday evening, discuss this question good-naturedly, and if the majority say incorporate, well and good; if they say "no," so be it.

It seems that we inland folks are not to get that cable. The route mapped out for is from a point near Fort Lawton, Seattle, through strait of Fuca, west of Vancouver island and Queen Charlotte islands in deep water, to a point off Cape Ommaney, which is the extreme southern end of Baranoff island, on which the town of Sitka is situated. At Cape Ommaney the cable will branch into two sections, one of them leading to Sitka, on the west, and the other to Juneau, on the east. As a business proposition for Uncle Sam it looks a little strange, as the line virtually cuts off about one-half its business by cutting out Ketchikan, Wrangell and other points en route by the inside passage. But then Mr. Greely probably knows his own business.

A recent report from Seattle says: The first mining of tin to be done in Alaska on a large scale will be undertaken by a German company, which has acquired the ownership of a heavy ledge of the metal discovered last fall on Cape Prince of Wales. A smelting plant is on its way to Cape York, or shortly will be, and the intention is to mine as much ore as possible and reduce it before the close of the season which will shortly open. A representative of the company was in the city recently, but has gone northward to care for the business of the German corporation.

President Roosevelt and party are now speeding across the continent toward the Pacific coast, and the president is telling the people along the route many plain truths, that, coming from a man whom they honor and respect, should have a good effect. The president is a warm friend of Alaska, and our regret is that he cannot visit the district while on this tour. He will make a circuit of 14,000. Of course it is presumed he will keep his eye peeled for a vote or two while he goes along.

THE GAME LAW.

Here is a true statement of the game law as taken from the Treasury Decisions of March 19th, kindly furnished by deputy collector Bronson. It says:

"The effect of the provisions found in section 1 of the act of June 6, 1902, may be stated as follows: 1. To leave the natives in full possession of their former rights to capture fur-bearing animals, except that they are prohibited from selling or shipping the skins of large brown bears, sea lions, and walrus, which animals are placed on the game list.

2. To permit natives to capture game (large brown bears, sea lions, and walrus included) for their own use at any time, as heretofore, provided the skins are not sold or shipped.

3. To permit natives as well as whites to capture black bears at any time, and for any purpose, since no close season is fixed for these animals."

The Secretary of the Treasury says the above conclusions are reached after consultation with the Secretary of Agriculture, who has carefully considered the matter, and by whom the Alaska game law is chiefly administered and adds: "In view of the privileges which have heretofore been granted to natives to enable them to obtain animals for food or clothing, I urgently recommend that no unnecessary restrictions be made in the case of fur-bearing animals, as the animals constitute one of the most important means of support of the natives, and if it is cut off the effect must necessarily be disastrous."

So much for the error SENTINEL made last week by copying an item from the P-I.

Under date of January 24, comes this report from Nome: Nome is a closed town. Not a card is dealt nor a wheel turned in the whole city. It is the first time in its history that such a condition has obtained, for gambling has been conducted ever since Nome became a camp. Notices were served during the past week on all gamblers that they must close. The action was taken pursuant to instructions that were received by the last mail from Washington. The new order created consternation in the ranks of the sporting fraternity, as might readily be expected. The gentlemen of the green cloth feel that snap judgment has been taken. They are left without a means of livelihood and feel that great hardship will result before navigation again opens. Another effect of the new move will be the depletion of the city's revenues. Thousands of dollars have annually been contributed into the city treasury as a result of the wide policy. The closing of the town will be felt in more ways than one.

The Skagway and Juneau papers have been considerably worried since the passage of the new incorporation law, lest the duties of U. S. commissioners and municipal magistrates might clash; but Judge Brown says there's no danger of this, as each officer will simply act in his own sphere—one enforcing city ordinances, the other attending to more complicated cases for the government.

Corbett gave McGovern a good trouncing, at San Francisco, recently. Now, if some good, muscular young fellow would come along and "wipe up the earth" with young Corbett, he would do him a power of good and be a benefactor to the general public. This "soft gloved" brutality should cease to be recognized.

Canada apparently fears that after treating with the United States in regard to the Alaskan boundary it will be her "treat." Evidently Canada is becoming acquainted with the equity of the dispute.

The Cuban reciprocity treaty has been confirmed but only after concessions have been made to its enemies which seriously jeopardize its ultimate success. Its operation is definitely postponed for a year and there are many who say forever.

The Presbytery of Southeastern Alaska.

The Presbytery of Southeastern Alaska convened at the Wrangell Presbyterian Church Friday morning April 3rd. There were present Revs. Carl, of Hoonah, Marsden, of Saxman, Montgomery, of Howkan, Waggoner, of Klawack, Harrison, of Haines, Condit and Jones, of Juneau, Corser of Wrangell, and Elders McIntosh of Haines and Young of Ketchikan. Revs. Young and Thompson were among the visitors.

All the churches in the Presbytery were represented except Sitka. The business sessions continued during Friday and Saturday.

Reports from the different churches were read. The increase in membership was not as large during the past year as during the preceding. The Wrangell Klinket Church showed the largest increase in membership of any of the churches; the Skagway church reported the largest gifts to foreign missions.

Morning prayer meetings were held at 7 a. m. They were led by Rev. Corser of Wrangell, Elder McIntosh and Rev. Harrison.

The features of the Presbytery were the popular meetings. The first one was on Friday evening, Rev. Condit preached and Rev. Marsden of Saxman gave an address on Industrial Work among the Natives. His address was the feature of the Presbytery; and judging from the standpoint of those who have come in contact with the Indian, a most fair indictment of a large part of industrial teaching as found in the Indian schools.

Rev. Jones read a paper on the requirements for successful work in the ministry. His motto was: "Trust and you will find people trustworthy."

On Sunday evening Rev. Harrison preached. He held the attention of the audience closely for forty-five minutes. His theme was "Spiritual Power," and the sermon did much good.

The Wrangell Drug Co.

Gosh! The Ignorance!

Not long since Fred Stackpole sent an order to a Chicago house for some goods, and received the following reply under date of Mar. 30th:

"We desire to acknowledge receipt of your order and remittance as below. We have to advise you that during the past year we have found that our DOMESTIC business has increased so rapidly and to such an enormous extent that our entire organization and facilities are taxed to the utmost in taking care of the same. We therefore find ourselves compelled to decline further orders from FOREIGN countries. We thank you for your kind consideration and favors extended in the past, and if at any future time we decide to enter the Foreign trade, we shall be pleased to enter into communication with you."

The above is a fair sample of the knowledge possessed of this country by at least 19-20ths of the people and business men, who, if they would study the history of their own country, would find that since 1867 the stars and stripes have floated over Alaska as proudly as over any other part of American soil. We are becoming tired of being dubbed "Foreigners" by our people, and further are sorry that our people are so ignorant regarding their own country.

A Canadian has found an old atlas that shows that Lynn Canal belongs to England, and that probably settles it. It makes a Wrangellite stop and wonder "where he is at."

How is your supply of Letter Heads and Envelopes?

THE

Wrangell Drug Co

Dr. O. W. STANTON, Mgr.

Carries at all times

THE PUREST DRUGS.

Medicines,

Chemicals, Fancy and Toilet Articles.

Headquarters for

FINE CANDIES

and

CIGARS.

Prescriptions accurately compounded at all hours.

THE STICKEEN PHARMACY,

Wrangell, Alaska.

Dr. K. A. KYVIG,

—Dealer In—

Pure Drugs and Chemicals,

Stationery and Toilet Articles.

Prescriptions Accurately Compounded at All Hours.

Patnaude's

Barber Shop and Bath Rooms.

ALSO, A COMPLETE LINE OF

SMOKERS' ARTICLES, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes and Barbers' Supplies.

FRONT STREET,

WRANGELL, ALASKA.

L. C. Patnaude, Prop'r.

And here is our friend Abe Wodage, fresh from the precincts of Kalama-on-the-Columbia, looking as hale, hearty and good natured as of yore. Abe is not certain whether he will remain in Alaska this season or not.

And now it is said the head custom office will not be removed from Sitka for some time to come.

STEAMER Hamlin

Capt. J. H. BONSER.

For Skeena and Stickeen River Points.

Starting on or about April 12th, 1903, from Vancouver, freight should be consigned as follows: To **Steamer Hamlin**, Port Essington, care Peter Herman; for Stickeen River, care Reid's Wharf Co., Fort Wrangell.

For rates and further particulars, apply on board Str. Hamlin at Albion Iron Works Dock, Vancouver, or to

J. H. GREER, Victoria.

LEGAL.

Notice of Libel.

In the United States District Court for the District of Alaska, Division No. 1, at Juneau.

John Lavin, Libellant, vs. The Steamer "Prospector," her tackle, engines and furniture, Respondent.

Whereas a libel has been filed in the above entitled court on the 31st day of March, 1903, against the steamer "Prospector," her tackle, engines and furniture, alleging in substance:

That on the 19th day of December, 1902, said libellant, John Lavin, was hired by one of the owners of said steamer "Prospector" to serve in the capacity of an engineer of said steamer at the rate of wages of One Hundred (\$100.00) Dollars per month and board; that said libellant entered into the services of said steamer under said contract of hire so made on the said 19th day of December, 1902, and performed said labor as engineer on said steamer continuously thereafter and including the 22nd day of February, 1903; and that ever since the 22nd day of February, 1903, said libellant, John Lavin, has been compelled to wait at Wrangell, Alaska, for his wages due from said steamer as aforesaid, and has been unable during any of said time to secure any other kind or character of employment, for the reason that said libellant was and is without means to go elsewhere and endeavor to secure employment. That respondent has never up to this time discharged said libellant.

That no part of said wages has been paid save and except that said libellant has received his board during said time. That there is now due, owing and unpaid to said libellant by said steamer on account of his wages for his services as aforesaid, the full sum of Four Hundred and Thirty-Six and 65-100 (\$436.65) Dollars, which said sum the masters and owners of said steamer have failed and refused to pay, and still fail and refuse to pay; that said services as aforesaid are reasonably worth the said sum of Four Hundred Thirty-six and 65-100 (\$436.65) Dollars, and praying process against said steamer, &c., and that said steamer, &c., may be condemned and sold to pay said wages and costs.

Now, therefore, in pursuance of the motion under the seal of said court to me directed and delivered, I do hereby give public notice to all persons claiming said steamer, her tackle, engines and furniture, or in any manner interested therein, that they appear before the above-named court to be held in the town of Juneau, District of Alaska, on the 5th day of May, 1903, at the hour of 10 o'clock of the forenoon of that day—provided same shall be a day of jurisdiction, otherwise on the day of jurisdiction thereafter—then and there to interpose their claims and to make their allegations in that behalf.

Dated this 4th day of April, 1903.
JAMES M. SHUP, U. S. Marshal.
By Wm. D. GRANT, Deputy.
T. R. LYONS, Proctor for Libellant.
First publication April 9, 1903.
Last publication April 23, 1903.

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